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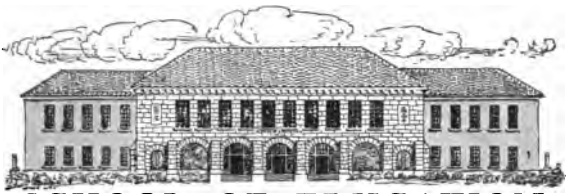
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TAIL DIXIE



By ABBIE N. SMITH



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BOBTAIL DIXIE

BY

ABBIE N. SMITH

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BOBTAIL DIXIE.

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TO MY NEPHEWS AND NIECES, THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

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BOBTAIL DIXIE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I WAS A PUPPY.

FIRST, you will want to know who I am and what I look like. As far as I know, from glimpses I have caught of myself while drinking from a shiny tin basin, I am a little dog, white in color, except a dark brown mark over my right ear and eye; my eyes seem to match in color the brown on my ear, and I do not seem to have a tail worthy of mention.

I was born "way down South in Dixie," on a farm, near Houston, Texas. My master's name was Smith; perhaps you have heard the

name before, as they say there are a great many Smiths in the world; but I am very sure that not one of them is quite as nice and good as my master Roy. When a little boy, Roy was a great favorite of his grandfather, who loved animals and was kind to them, so perhaps that is the reason my master has always been kind and good to them, too.

Roy owned several other dogs besides myself, and we did have such good times running around and playing on the farm. One of our duties was to make some pigs stay where they belonged, and as there were no fences on our farm, we sometimes had great sport chasing the pigs out of the yard and garden. It was funnier for us than for them, as we sometimes pulled their ears to teach them to stay at home. Roy's grandfather said it reminded him of the way teachers used to pull the ears of unruly pupils in school.

When I Was a Puppy.

Our home was so happy I wanted to stay there always, but could not, as you will see. It happened this way: an uncle of my master came to visit him, and Roy, who was very proud of us, showed us to the gentleman.

"I have two little cousins, living up North, and I would like to send them a present; how do you think they would like one of my dogs?" I heard master say as I listened to their conversation.

I was greatly interested, and listened eagerly for his answer. I heard the uncle say he was sure nothing would please them more, and as he and his wife were soon going to visit them, he would gladly take them a dog. This excited me still more, and I thought, "Can it be they will select me?" On second thought, I was sure there were handsomer and nicer dogs than I on the farm, though I am proud to say I am not a mongrel, but a real

aristocratic dog. I thought it would be a fine thing to go away and see more of the world, and I wanted to see those little children. But I soon thought how I should hate to leave Roy, and I knew, too, that I should miss the other dogs, even though we did not always agree, and sometimes grieved our kind master, who reproved us for quarreling.

As I was one of the smallest dogs, I usually came out of a fight feeling very humble, and sometimes looking pretty rough. But that is an unpleasant subject to me, so I will drop it.

They took some time to decide which dog to take, looking us over very carefully several times. Then they looked at me again, and my master said, "This is a cute little fellow and I believe I will send him, although I shall miss him."

I was glad and sorry, too; but it did not seem to make much difference how I felt about



THE SNYDER FAMILY.

the matter, for I was not consulted in the least, though it was to make such a difference in my life.

I forgot to tell you that I was to be a Christmas present. They knew Master Roy was to send them something, but had no idea it would be alive; probably thought it would be a drum or a doll; they surely did not think a little dog would go so far to see any one.

At this time I was only three months old, but you know dogs know a great deal more than babies do at that age, at least they are not so helpless; for while babies cannot even creep, dogs can run real fast. I will confess, though, that when babies do walk they walk on two legs, which the oldest and wisest of dogs cannot do, unless they are what are called trained dogs; and between you and me they do not like it, and never do it except when compelled to do so by their masters, and then they drop

down and walk on four legs just as soon as they dare. They are not comfortable at all walking on two legs. Some trained dogs are even dressed up like folks and try to act like them—the "Snyder Family," for instance, who, with their master, travel about giving exhibitions. Roy took me to see them one day, and bought one of their pictures. Would you like to see it?

CHAPTER II.

MY JOURNEY.

NEXT day I saw them busily packing up, so I bid the other dogs good-by. I did hate to leave them, especially Riley, as he had befriended me many a time, and we had been firm friends, and what boys call "chums." Master Roy soon handed me over into the safe keeping of his uncle, whose name was also Smith. I tried to be as brave as I could, but I felt sad to leave my kind master and my nice home, as I had no idea what my new home would be like. Roy was sorry to have me go, too, and I am sure I saw tears in his eyes as we left.

You know people carry trunks and valises with them when they travel, but I had only a box. It was long and narrow, and just high enough for me to stand up in, but not large enough so that I could move around much. It had a cunning little door on the side, and the top was covered with a wire screen, the holes being large enough to admit air, but not large enough for even such a little dog as I am to jump through, much as he might wish to do so. The door was made to be fastened on the outside, which, as you can readily see, was very inconvenient for me when I was inside.

At the station Mr. Smith took me out of the box, and I rode in the car with them. I knew I must be quiet or there would be trouble ahead for me; for once in a while a big man in a blue suit and a cap with brass letters in front would go through the car, and at first he frowned at me. So did some of the



"RILEY HAD BEFRIENDED ME MANY A TIME."

other people, but they soon stopped, as they saw I meant all right and would not harm any one.

I kept very still at first, as I was real frightened; but I cast shy glances at the gentleman by my side, and I decided he would be a good friend to dogs, especially to a little one traveling alone. There was a lady with him and I soon learned to love her, as she petted me and gave me good things to eat. A pretty little girl who sat across the aisle from us gave me a piece of her sandwich. She smiled, and as I could not smile back, I wagged what little tail I have. You see I dared not talk as dogs talk, or they would have said, in a very stern voice, "Keep still there." Dogs do not enjoy being scolded any more than children do.

We rode a long, long time, and after I became used to the motion of the cars, I rather

liked it. This was the first time I had ever been away from home, and I had never even seen a train of cars before.

We got off the train at a big city called St. Louis. Now I had hoped I could stay with the gentleman till I reached my new home, so I was worried when I heard him say he believed he would have to send me through the rest of the way by express. I did not know what "express" meant, but I found out to my sorrow.

Mr. Smith said it would be all right, as I would reach my new home Saturday night, which would be Christmas eve. He said he would put enough food and drink into the box to last until then. He lifted me in, fastened the door, said "Good-bye, Doggie," and was gone. I barked loud and long, but it did no good. He did not come back.

My! what a contrast being confined in that

tiny box was to my life on a farm. Why, I could scarcely turn around. I became stiff, and longed to get out. I could not even see out without straining my neck, for the box was boarded all around the sides, you know. I tried to eat, but what is the use of having a bone, I'd like to know, if there is no place to run and hide it?

We stopped at a great many places, but only for a short time, and after a long while we stopped at a place where they took me out of the car and placed me in a room, and I heard a man say I could go no farther till Monday.

I felt dreadfully to hear that, as my food was nearly gone, and the idea of a little dog being all alone on Christmas Day seemed to me pretty hard. That was the very longest day I ever spent.

Although "Give me a drink," and "Feed me, please," were printed in large letters on the

side of my box, no one spoke to me all day, and by night I felt very weak, and began to wish I had never started. But the day passed and so did the night, and early the next morning they placed me again on the cars, and we began to move. I was glad enough to jump, but how could I without bumping my head?

After riding a long time we stopped again, a man picked up my box and put me in a room, I heard the cry, "All aboard," and the train went on without me. In a few minutes I heard voices, and recognized the kind gentleman who had brought me part of the way on my journey. I was glad indeed to see him, and he seemed glad to see me. He took me to a house near by, and I heard him say, "Come here, little folks, and see your dog." I could not see much yet, for I was still in that dreadful box. They soon opened the door, how-

ever, but I was too weak to crawl out, so they helped me.

I could not stand on my legs, for I had not had anything to eat for many hours; long before, in moving around, I had kicked over the dish containing the water, and was very thirsty. Then I was used to having a good run many times a day, and of course I missed the exercise. I was about as hungry a dog as ever lived, but they soon gave me something to eat and a nice warm drink of milk, so that I felt better.

CHAPTER III.

MY NEW HOME.

I WANT to introduce you to the members of the family in my new home. I will begin with the largest and so-called head of the family, Preacher Smith. They said he stood six feet in his stockings. My! he did look big to me! I had to stretch my neck to look into his face when we both stood up. I had thought "Great Dane," a gigantic dog that lived near Master Roy's, was tall, but this man stood even higher. I think, however, that if Great Dane had stood on two legs, or this man on his hands and knees there would not have been so much difference after all. I never saw



MY NEW HOME.

either in the reversed position, so cannot fairly judge of that.

They said my new master was a preacher, and I wanted some Sunday to go and hear him preach, but I was never invited to go to church or anywhere else with them. I went with them once, though, and I'll tell you about it some other time. The master was very kind to me, except, as I have said before, he would not let me go with him. I thought this very selfish of him when I wanted to go so much. No person, much less a dog, likes to stay always right in the same yard. Sometimes dogs, like people, need a change; I have heard mistress say the doctor told her she must have one. No doctor ever told me that. Master could not have refused to let me go then.

Aside from this, I could find no fault with the children's "Papa." By "the children" I

mean little master and mistress, Sinclair and Mary. The papa played with me more than any of the other grown people; and he was not always saying, "Down, Dixie, you'll soil my clothes." If I shed a few white hairs on his Sunday suit I tried to look innocent, as though they might have belonged to the grandma, as our hair is of the very same color. She declared hers was of a much finer quality, but she couldn't deny the color.

They all seemed to think a great deal of this white-haired grandma. She was not unkind to me, but seemed rather to ignore me, and I think that is worse than downright abuse; if they ill-treat you, you feel that you are noticed at least. Grandma complained that I got under her feet, though I could have assured her that it was entirely accidental, and I am sure she enjoyed it fully as much as I did. It is not pleasant to have about one hun-

dred and fifty pounds come right down solid on one's foot, nor in fact upon any part of one's body. It hurts. And I am sure the grandma recovered from it quite as rapidly as I did. I soon learned to watch her pretty closely, and I think about the third time ended our trouble in that respect.

Then there was the mother. I saw instantly that she liked dogs, and that I should have no trouble to establish myself in her good graces. She was always doing something for somebody, and I liked her from the first. We understood each other perfectly; she knew I was a well-meaning dog, and treated me as such, and I had the best sort of an opinion of her.

There was also an auntie of the children living there; we liked each other, too, and she always tried to defend me when I got into trouble. Sometimes I am sure I should have

gone hungry had it not been for her, when the rest all seemed to forget that a dog gets hungry. It seems to me that wanting something either for present consumption or future use is a little dog's normal condition.

I have left what I consider the best of the family to the last, and that is the little folks. Mary was a blue-eyed, fair-haired, romping little maiden, old enough to be kind to me; and she was kind. I cannot remember her ever injuring me on purpose. Once she rocked on my foot. I howled loudly, for it hurt me; she was sorry and so was I. In spite of accidents Mary and I loved each other dearly, and many a fine romp have we had together.

Then there was little Sinclair, who was a little toddler when I went there. I watched every move that lad made when I was near him, after the time he mistook me for a nail and struck me with a hammer. As he grew



"TO-DAY WE ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

older he outgrew those little peculiar ways, and to-day we are the best of friends. But taking it all together, you see I had to be very alert to keep out of his way, and the grandma's, too.

Now that I have told you a little about my new friends, I will go back to my first morning there. I was a little frightened at first, but I soon discovered that all were my friends, and they all gave me a most cordial welcome.

It was not long, however, before the mother said, "My, but he's dirty—he must have a bath," and soon I was in a tub, and lathered all over with soap, and rubbed so hard I could hardly keep my balance. During the bath the auntie asked what they should call me. As yet I had no name, and different ones were suggested as appropriate, such as "Lone Star," "Texas," and "Snowy," but none of them suited all.

"Why not call him Dixie?" asked Mary.

"Tall 'im Ditsie!" shouted little Sinclair; " 'Im nice Ditsie dog!"

That name pleased them all, and from that moment I have been Dixie Smith.

After my bath the uncle took me to what was to be my very own room in the basement. I decided to get good and warm before I examined it closely, and as I sat there by the furnace I heard a soft purring sound, rather sweet and musical, so I walked around to the other side of the furnace where it seemed to come from. There I discovered a small, gentle-looking animal, fast asleep. I had never seen one before, but I learned afterward that it was a cat. I had been very quiet, but she heard me, opened her eyes, and began to get up; and she kept up that interesting process until to me she looked just immense, nearly as large as a horse; each individual hair stood up, her

back was raised, her eyes flashed, and her tail resembled a feather duster. She stopped purring and began to hiss and spit and claw. You see she had had almost entire possession of that basement before this, and she did not propose to divide it with me without a struggle, so we struggled.

In a moment I was sure she had a whole paper of needles, sharp ones, in her paws, and she was very generously giving me some of them. She must be a patient creature, I thought, to have all those dreadfully pointed things in her feet, and never mention it to me as a reason for not wishing to have any trouble with me. Why, once I stepped on one, and got just a little piece of needle in my foot, and you could have heard me howl for two miles, they said, and I was almost sick for a week. How I did admire that creature! For ever so long I watched to see if she ever walked lame, and

thought her the bravest thing in the world to step so quietly on four feet full of needles, till, at last, one day I found out they were only her claws, just such as I have, only she had sharpened them some way till they were like that.

But to return to our first interview. I was afraid she would have to spend the rest of her days in that room, for if she continued to grow as rapidly as she did at first she never could have gone out through the door. But she stopped growing and stood there making faces and spitting and sissing, her back arched and her eyes blazing like live coals. She looked ferocious, I tell you.

"Can this be that gentle-looking animal I saw lying there?" I thought. I felt as limp as a rag, and did not dare move, as I could not rush out without passing her.

Fortunately, hearing the disturbance, little Mary came to my rescue, and explained to

that cat that I had come there by special invitation all the way from Texas to make her and the rest of the family happy. She said the cat and I must occupy those rooms together, and the sooner we became reconciled the better.

The cat said something about that being a doubtful blessing, and of preferring my room to my company, but I was so mad I was speechless. I found we had even to eat out of the same dish at first. We both went without as long as we could, but finally got starved to it. Our first interview was the worst, but it took some time to overcome that unpleasant feeling when we were together. I soon learned, when she began to arch that furry back, to flee to more agreeable company till she had recovered her better nature.

There was once in a while a little gray

mouse that appeared in the cellar, but if that cat saw her she did not stay long, I can tell you. The mice had their home in the wall; there was quite a large family of them; I could not see that they did any harm, but for some reason the family did not give them a cordial welcome; they even encouraged that cat in her unkind treatment of them. I knew Madam Pussy would have served me in the same way if she could have done so.

There was one more very important member of the family, but we never had any unpleasant interviews. This was Topsy, the best, kindest, safest horse that ever lived. She was just the kind of a horse for children; little Sinclair once ran away, and was found in the stable right by her heels, and she had not hurt him at all. I never saw her in the house, though she was fully as well behaved as that

cat. I expect it was because she was too big to get through the door.

On reflection I was sure I would have no serious trouble with any member of the family, unless it might be with that cat.

CHAPTER IV.

MY EXPERIENCE IN RUNNING AWAY.

I HAD been living in my new home several months, but had not seen much, except what was within sight of the house, and yet I was very sure there was something else worth seeing, for nearly every day I saw some of the folks, usually including the children, get into the carriage and drive away. When they came back they looked tired, but so happy that I knew they had had a good time.

I concluded at last, that come what would, I would follow them and see for myself what there was to be seen. I might explain right here that not only had I never been invited to

go with them, but the few times I had tried to follow them I had always heard, in that stern voice I so much dislike, the words, "Go home, Dixie!" and would you believe it, if I did not go at once, I have even known one of them (usually the father) actually to get out and pick up a stick or a stone, and throw it at me; not in fun either. Just think of it! Knowing that, you can readily see why, with my sensitive disposition, I had never gone very far from home.

Now I was obliged to lay all my plans myself, as there was no one I could really trust to help me. I had been thinking this all over, when what I considered a fine opportunity came to me, and I eagerly seized it. On this particular afternoon I saw the mother dressing the children in their Sunday clothes, and putting on their wraps; then I noticed the father go to the barn and harness Topsy to the newly

painted buggy, so I knew that meant an extra fine trip. I kept out of sight; in fact, I hid just around the corner of the house, where I could keep track of what they did without being seen by them. After a while the father drove around in front of the house, and the mother and children got in the buggy with him, and they drove away. Now if they had noticed me some one would have been sure to have put me in the house, or in the "dear-park," as they call the children's little playground, so I could not follow them.

They did not see me, so my plans worked all right. I waited until they had gone about a block when I started after them. Now my hearing is excellent, and I confess frankly that I distinctly heard the grandma call in a loud voice, "Dixie, come home; oh, Dixie, come back!" but I had other business on hand. I was very sure she hadn't a single thing for me

to eat, as it was the middle of the afternoon; I just knew all she wanted was to prevent my following the folks, so I kept right on.

Now Topsy is not a race horse exactly, so I had no trouble in keeping up with them, though I did wish I could stop and rest long enough to get my breath; but I had to keep going or be left behind. They had not noticed me yet, and I doubt if they would have let me ride if they had, coming as I came, uninvited.

I had been trotting along quite a while and had not seen anything to interest me; in fact, there seemed to be nothing to see except a lot of strange houses and people. Suddenly I was startled by seeing a strange dog come rushing toward me, and barking in the most frantic manner.

"Bow-wow-wow!" panted the dog, but I knew that he meant, "Help, help! Take it off. It hurts."

Now I did not want to lose my folks, but I could not resist an appeal like that, so I turned to see what was the matter. The dog was followed by a crowd of boys, all shouting, laughing and worrying him. The more frightened he became, the more the boys seemed to enjoy it. We ran until we met a man who stopped the dog and petted him.

"Who has been cruel enough to tie that tin can to this poor dog's tail?" he asked.

He untied the can, much to the relief of the dog, who looked his thanks so plainly that I was sure the man understood what he meant. It is hard to make "Bow-wow" mean everything to people; harder than you can imagine. He did not yet feel quite happy enough to wag his tail.

The man asked the boys how they would like to be chased in that way, and frightened almost to death by being struck and hurt by

some unknown object every step they took. I knew by their expression that it did not look so funny to them as it did before, but seemed cruel, as indeed it was. They did not look like bad boys, and they seemed heartily ashamed of what they had done; you see they had not looked at it from the dog's side of the question, and it is only fair to look at every question from all sides.

There was one boy, however, who acted rather sulky, and said he would do it again the first chance he had. Now I thought that boy needed a lesson. I was standing near, and at that, between you and me, I confess it was by no mistake that I bit that boy's leg: I never enjoyed a bite of anything more in my life. Yes, I bit him real hard on purpose, so he would know just how nice it was to be hurt.

I did not stay to find out what he thought about it, though, but ran away as fast as I

could; I saw the dog had found a friend, and I wanted to find my folks. I will not deny, either, that I did not care to run the risk of being that boy's next victim.

I had always admired dogs with long, bushy tails, and had felt quite incomplete with the little stump I had, but that dog's experience proved that a long, beautiful tail has its disadvantages.

I had been so interested in all this that I had not realized how long I had been away from my friends, nor that they had been going farther and farther away from me all this time. Now that I thought of it I felt a bit queer, and said to myself, "Where are they?" They were quite out of sight, and I had no idea which way they had gone in the crowd of teams and people that filled the main street just ahead. I tried to find them, and ran this way and that, turning corner after corner, up one

street and down another, but never being able to catch a glimpse of them, or to find the scent of Topsy's feet; so I decided, as I could not find my friends, that I would go home. But in my fright at finding myself alone in that unknown city, among so many strange people and horses and things, and in the dread of cruel boys and fierce dogs, who would be sure to attack me, I was so confused I did not know which way to go. A thoughtless boy, driving a grocery wagon, hit me a cruel cut over the head with his whip, calling, "Get out of the way, you brute!"

I wonder how he would have liked some one to treat him that way! I wished I knew how to make that very loud noise that Sinclair made when he felt badly; he always seemed to feel much better afterward. I tell you it is a dreadful thing when a dog gets lost. I have

seen people laugh at a lost dog, but to me there is no sight more pathetic.

A lost child can tell its name and every one will turn out to help the little one find its home, even if it has run away. No so with a poor dog. There was no one to help me find my home or my master.

I went up to first one person and then another, but all drove me away.

Of course, I didn't care to stay around a place where I was evidently unwelcome, and besides I was getting tired and hungry, and did not know where there was either rest or food for me.

I felt just heart-broken, and how I did wish I had heeded the grandma's urgent call for me to come back. A few people spoke kindly to me, but I could see they did not want me to follow them; others were cross, even swore at me, and one man would have kicked me, only

I got out of his way just in time. A few people told me to "Go home, go home," as though I wouldn't have gone if I had known the way! I walked into one yard and went around to the back door, thinking it more polite, and there I found a woman standing in the kitchen door. I had always thought that a woman was more tender-hearted than a man, and so looked for kind treatment. I was never more mistaken; she not only told me to leave, but she took a broomstick to me. She didn't hit me, she didn't come within ever so far of me, but, oh! it did hurt my feelings.

I thought about her and other women as I walked slowly along, after running until I got out of her way, and wondered about them. I have had occasion to watch them very closely several times when they were trying to hit something, and I have found that the safest place to stand is right where they aim. They

seldom hit anything they try to; but it makes a dog, an aristocratic dog, especially, feel so ashamed to have a woman chase him with a broomstick. I think it is worse than the way they chase a hen from their pet flower bed.

Did you ever see a woman do that? I can't tell you just how it is, but it's something so unlike the way she acts when she is walking to church with her fine clothes on, that you would never know her unless you were introduced. She'd never take her street dress in her hands and shake it so furiously, and shriek at poor old biddy and her children. It's enough to make a dog laugh to think of it.

"Sh-o-o, shee-ooo, sho-o!" I can hear her now.

It certainly is fun for the onlookers, though I never liked it myself, and I don't think a frantic hen does, but I am not so sure of the woman; I sometimes think she enjoys it. I

think, though, that the shooing method is less dangerous than the broomstick one, for if she gets real angry, she is liable to throw whatever she has in her hand right at you, and an apron would not hurt you as badly as a broom would, in case by any chance she hit you.

I wandered around for several hours; I couldn't find a drop of water to quench my thirst, nor a morsel of food to satisfy my hunger. I have heard that one reason why people are not as willing to give a home to a stray dog as a stray cat is because when the assessor comes around he makes them pay a fine for every dog found in their possession; and would you believe it, there are some people who are so miserly they will have a poor dog shot down in cold blood rather than pay that tax. A terrible law for homeless dogs, don't you think so? What if the same law applied to little folks? The very fact that we are taxed

proves that we are considered more valuable than cats; a fact I have always been quite proud of, and have often thrown it up to that cat when she has acted too important. But I see, like the beautiful bushy tail, it also has its disadvantages.

At last I found water, a beautiful stream of pure cold water flowing from the mouth of a queer-looking stone figure that stood in a sort of hole in the ground, among some trees in a park. I took a long drink, but still not a morsel could I find to eat. It began to grow dark, and how I did wish I knew my way home. I was homeless, friendless and hungry; I was reminded of my journey from Texas; only this was even worse, for then I did own the box I was in; and then I had not run away, so I did not have that to make me feel badly. I found a dry-goods box and crawled in, but I kept hearing such strange

noises that I could not sleep, though I am not what you call nervous.

Morning came at last, and I wondered if my folks would miss me, and if they did, would they take the trouble to search for me? I thought I stood a better chance than I otherwise would because they had just paid that dollar tax on me.

I was ready for breakfast, but, alas, no breakfast was ready for me. So I started out to find one, and wandered around all the morning. Once I saw a yellow cat and chased her up a tree, where I could not follow her.

"Come on, little dog. Why don't you catch me?" she called back in the most insulting tone I ever heard. What would cats do without the trees? That's where they have the advantage over dogs.

Another time I met a dog who wanted to fight, so I did the best I could and came out

second best, as I always do. When will I ever learn to remember that it is both wicked and dangerous to fight?

I stopped in front of a house where there was a little girl playing in the yard, and as she smiled I took courage and went up to her. As a rule little girls are kind to dogs; they don't tease them as much as a boy does. She spoke kindly to me, so I followed her into the house.

"Mamma," she said, "here is a nice little dog that acts so hungry; may I give him something to eat?"

"I think Gypsy did not eat all of his breakfast," I was glad to hear the mother say. "You may add something to that and give the poor dog all he wants."

So the little girl, whose mamma called her Edwina, got me a dish of nice bread and milk, and some scraps of cold meat. My, but that dinner did taste good! I will never forget it.

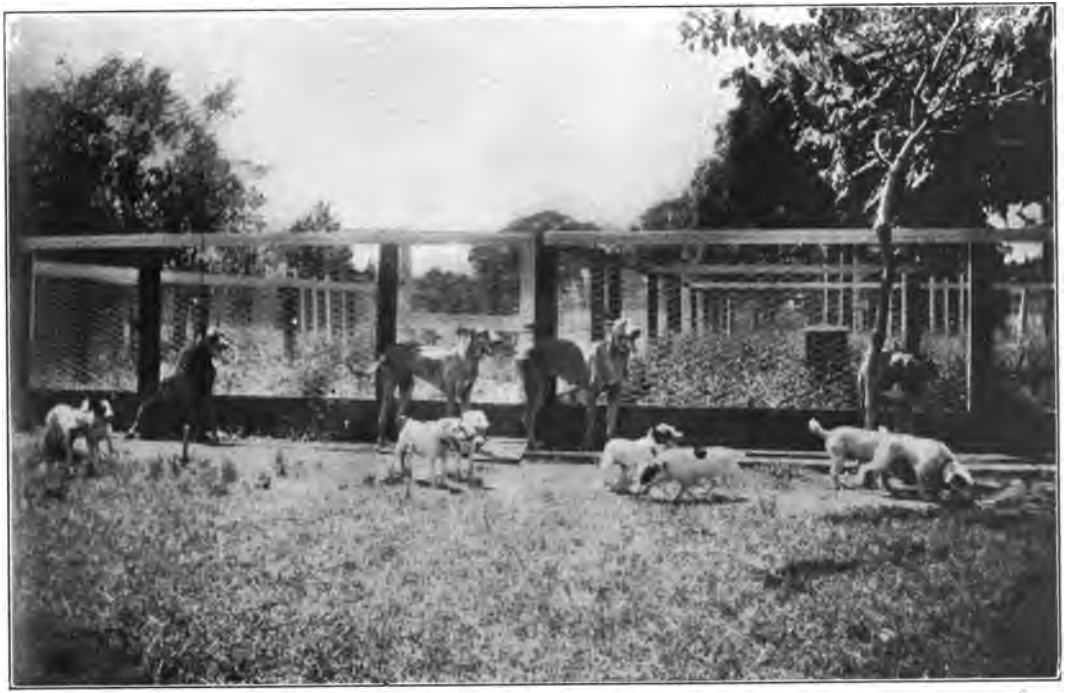
At last I had found friends, and how happy I was. No one knows how I felt, unless he has been lost and hungry himself. But where was my master and where was my home?

After I had played around with the little girl a while, I heard the mamma say, "Why, that looks like Preacher Smith's dog. Come here, Dixie," she said to me. I wagged my tail and went up to her, looking as happy as I could, so she knew she had guessed right. She told Edwina that she was intending to call on the minister's family soon anyway, so they would take me home that afternoon, as she knew they would be looking for me and worry because I was lost.

The thought of once more seeing my folks, when I feared I was lost forever, made me happier than any words could express. Before night I was at home once more, and I slept in my own little bed and had my regular meals

again. They seemed glad to see me, and my joy knew no bounds. The next day the papa brought me a collar, and on it were these words:

"I am Preacher Smith's dog, whose are you?"



MY FAR-AWAY FRIENDS.

CHAPTER V.

MY FAR-AWAY FRIENDS.

Dogs are very much like people, with a better memory than you sometimes think. Although I loved my nice home, I could not forget my friends in the South; I had too fond recollections of good times spent on the old farm to do that. I knew it was too far for me to think of walking, even if I were sure I could find my way back; besides, my late unpleasant experience had satisfied my longing for running away.

One morning as I was thinking of them and longing to hear from them, I heard a great commotion and cries of, "Oh, there's Uncle Ralph!" as a gentleman walked in and was

welcomed with much hugging and kissing by the children, and a trifle more dignified, but none the less warm greeting from the older ones. Of course I barked at him, but wasn't I glad when he said, "Hello, Dixie, how are you?" At that familiar greeting I looked at him more closely, and discovered it was the kind gentleman who brought me to this new home from Texas.

They all seemed delighted to see him, and all wanted to talk to him at once, as they had so much to say. I waited anxiously to hear about my far-away friends, but it was not until after dinner that the opportunity to learn of their welfare came. Then I found little Sinclair curled up on a lounge in the parlor, and his uncle in an easy-chair near by. I went up to the uncle and looked right in his face.

"Well, Dixie," he said, "you look as if you'd like to talk to me. Would you like me to tell

you about your southern friends? I saw them only last week; in fact, I just came from there. They sent their love to you. Speak, Dixie; shall I tell you about them?"

How I longed for human speech; he knew, however, from the expression on my face, that was just what I wanted, and he smiled.

"Oh, do!" cried Sinclair; "tell us 'bout 'Tusin Roy's dogs!"

"Yes, please do," said Mary, who came running in, and climbed up into her uncle's lap.

The uncle laughingly pinched her cheek, and still smiling at me, said:

"I wonder if Dixie remembers Prohibition Jack?" Then he said to the children:

"I must tell you why he was dubbed Prohibition Jack. He was a little black and tan terrier; Roy had sold him to a Mr. Johnston, living in Houston, so we did not lose track of him, as occasionally his master used to visit

our home and bring Jack with him. This man did not want Jack to grow any more, as he thought he was more cunning as a tiny dog than as a large one. He heard that if a dog would drink whisky it would stunt his growth, so he decided to try it, and before Jack knew it, he was dead drunk. You cannot blame Jack, as he had no idea what his master was giving him, or its effects; he only knew he felt very sick. When he recovered he decided he would never again touch the stuff, and he kept his word, although his master tried in every way to give it to him. If it was placed in his food Jack was sure to detect it, and would starve rather than touch it. He did not like it, and, besides, he wanted a clear head. Do you wonder he was ever after called Prohibition Jack?"

"What a wicked man!" cried Mary, "and what a brave dog," added she thoughtfully.

"B'ave dog," echoed Sinclair. "Bad man."

"Yes," said the uncle, "it is both wicked and foolish 'to put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' "

"Oh!" cried Mary, "I know who said that. It was Shakespeare."

The uncle smiled, and continued, again looking at me:

"Speaking of bravery, there was Major, our St. Bernard. We always were proud of our Major, and felt that if he ever had half a chance to show how brave he could be he would just cover himself with glory and reflect honor on his friends, especially on his master. Well, a grand opportunity came to him, and this is the way he took advantage of it.

"You know the St. Bernards are fine, intelligent-looking dogs, and are considered to be very brave. I expect you have heard many

times of their rescuing little children, and ever after, that a halo encircled their heads, and that they were admired and even loved by the parents and friends of the children whom they had rescued."

The uncle went on to say that Major was sold to a Dr. Spencer, living near the bayou in Houston. The Doctor had a beautiful, little, dark-eyed daughter named Marjorie. She was a great pet, and he bought Major to be not only a playmate but a protector for the little girl. Major had not been there long when one day as he and Marjorie were playing together, they wandered a little too close to the edge of the water, and the little one, losing her balance, fell in. It was quite deep at that point, far beyond her depth; she became greatly frightened and called frantically for her parents, but they could not hear her. This was Major's great opportunity to show

how brave he could be at such a time. He rose to the occasion, and jumped in after Marjorie. She had floated out quite a distance, but he was a fine swimmer, and besides, was he not about to perform a feat worthy of a noble St. Bernard? He had almost reached the darling child when he stopped, looked about him, and realizing his own perilous position, turned about and struck for the shore quicker than it takes me to tell it to you. If it had not been for a neighbor's boy who chanced to be passing, and hearing her cries, rescued her, poor little Marjorie would not be alive to-day.

"Alas for our fond hopes for Major!" the uncle added, laughing. "No halo encircles our Major's head."

"I don't believe Dixie would have acted so mean," said Mary, and the uncle smiled again, and patted me on the head.

"Ditsie dood dog," lisped Sinclair, "Ditsie no act mean."

I looked wistfully in his face, and wagged my tail at this praise, and felt that if ever the time came when I could do a brave thing I would deserve it.

"Meanness," said the uncle, "is contemptible, whether in dogs or in little boys and girls."

"Tell 'bout more dogs," begged Sinclair, going over to his uncle, and leaning on his knee.

"Roy has a good many dogs," the uncle went on. "He always treated them all well, but if he had any favorite at all, it was Flora, the watch-dog. She was kind-hearted and never injured any one she considered had any right to be on the premises, but woe to the one she considered an intruder. I must tell you of one of her encounters.

"About eleven o'clock one night Roy was alarmed by hearing a loud barking in the yard. He went out to find what the trouble was. He had not gone far when he heard these words, utered in a frightened voice:

" 'Fo' de Lawd's sake, call off de dog!'

"Then he discovered a shabbily dressed negro leaning against a pine tree, holding in his hand a five-foot pole which he was afraid to use. He did not dare to move, either, for there stood Flora, ready to pounce on him if he did. He had a sack with him which he had intended to fill with sweet potatoes, but he had changed his mind, not from any sense of guilt, but on account of the presence of an uninvited and decidedly unwelcome onlooker.

"He turned to go, but Flora, wishing some slight souvenir of the little episode, had decided that a piece of the fast-departing negro's

trousers would answer the purpose, and was helping herself to it.

" 'Help!' cried the frightened darky. 'Oh, massa! I didn't go for to do it! 'Deed I didn't. Call off de dog!' Roy soon chained Flora, and the negro gladly left, promising never to come again, and he kept his word. It must have been reported to other sweet potato lovers, as Roy had no farther trouble as far as the potatoes were concerned, except from the potato bugs."

I was glad not to be disappointed in Flora as I had been in Major.

"By the way," he added, "Flora took the prize at the last State Fair, and the dogs at Pine Grove kennels felt as proud of the fact as did Flora and her master."

He then told about Carlo, who was a mongrel; just common blood ran through his veins. He ran away from home and was standing on

the street-car track arguing with the car as to which had the right of way. While he was giving what he considered a very conclusive argument in his own behalf, the car struck him with such force that it ended both Carlo and his argument.

Next he told us of the pugs. I never cared to cultivate them much, as I thought they had such homely faces; and they always looked ready for a fight, though they seldom indulged. I have always heard that they were great favorites with the ladies, and in some cases receive far more tender attention than many little children do. This hardly seems right, though I would never wish to have any dog ill treated.

He said Roy had sold one named Don to Miss Gilbert, and she would carry him in her arms when she passed through a cold hall for fear he would chill his dear little feet. She

even had some rubbers made for him, so he could go out of doors when it was damp without danger of his taking cold.

"One day," Uncle Ralph continued, "not long after Miss Gilbert had bought Don, as she was doing some shopping, and Don was investigating things in general, he fell down an elevator shaft. His mistress saw him as he disappeared, and it shocked her so she fainted away. One of the cash boys ran down to bring to the lady what remained of the pug. To his surprise when he reached the spot Don ran towards him, apparently none the worse for his sudden downfall.

"It must have been a happy surprise for his mistress when she came out of her faint, to see, instead of a cold, still body, a very much alive dog, who was wildly barking and trying to lick her face where she lay. After that she kept a closer watch over Don, while he avoided

all shafts, and when I saw him last he bid fair to live to a good old age."

I wish I had time to tell you the many other things Uncle Ralph told us about my far-away friends, but I have not. He said of course the dogs had their little misunderstandings which they settled in their own peculiar style. But on the whole, he said, they got on as well as that same number of children would have done, or a little better. Of course I agreed with him in that.

CHAPTER VI.

IN DISGRACE.

UNPLEASANT things as well as pleasant ones happen to dogs and people alike. I had one very unpleasant experience that is quite common to dogs, and I would like to present it to you from my point of view, as I feel I cannot trust any one to present it for me.

As I told you before, whenever that cat caught, and especially if she had killed any of those little gray mice, she was praised and petted by the entire family. Now there is something in me that makes me hate to have her receive all the petting and praise, so I determined to try and see if I could not win my

share of it. I decided to watch my chance and catch a mouse, too. Whenever one of them would come slyly creeping out of that little round hole which he himself had made in the wall with his sharp teeth, and he would peek around to see if he could find something good to eat, either for himself, or to take back to the little ones in the home nest, if he saw that cat he would run for dear life. And no wonder! for many a dear little brother and sister, to say nothing of more distant relatives, had come out and never returned. But if he saw me he would stop and say, "A fine morning;" or it sounded as much like that as anything. He seemed to expect to be friendly, and I just had not the heart to hurt the little fellow.

So I decided I would have to win praise in some other way; I can honestly say that I

have never harmed, nor will I ever harm one of those cunning little cellar companions.

It was not long before what I considered a fine opportunity came to me. I had gone with Mary to see little Helen Wyandt and her cousin Tom.

"Hello! There's Dixie," cried the children, when they saw us coming, and invited Mary to sit with them at the small table where they were having lunch. As there seemed to be no place at the table for me, I ran out to see what I could see. There were some funny, little, white chickens running about in front of a queer little house, occasionally slipping through the bars to say something to their mamma, who for some misdeed, I suppose, was confined in that little coop. I heard afterwards it was because she spent too much time digging up the seeds in the garden. Now as she had so many chicks, I thought she wouldn't miss just one,



"HELLO! THERE'S DIXIE."

and seeing I could not catch a mouse, I thought a chicken would do just as well. I decided to pick up one of them and take it home with me. Really I did not intend to kill it, but, you see, I needed all my four feet to run with, and would have been glad to have had four more, as the old biddy made such a racket when she saw me pick up her chicken that it brought some women to the door; each one grabbed something and began to chase me, and to yell at me to "Go home," just as though that was not exactly what I was doing as fast as my legs would carry me.

You can easily see I could not carry the chicken on my back without its falling off, and no one would fasten it to my tail, so there was only one way I could carry it, and that was right in my mouth. I felt worse than any one else did, even the chicken itself, when, upon

reaching home, we discovered it was dead. Yes, stone dead.

The father gave me the very worst whipping I had ever had. "Naughty Dixie, to kill the little chicken!" he kept saying while he was whipping me. Now I could not understand why that cat was petted and praised for purposely killing the little mice, while I was severely flogged for accidentally killing one little chicken. One was about the size of the other, and life was as dear to one as the other. What was the difference? I had a fine chance to think it all over, as I was sent by myself down cellar as a further punishment. I finally decided they were angry, not because I had caught the chicken and brought it home, but because I had killed it, or because I had not brought a pair of them.

The next day they let me play out, as they said that whipping would cure me of killing

another chicken. I determined to try again and be more careful. How I did long for arms, that I could carry it gently, so it could not possibly be injured on the way home. Imagine how you would get on if you had to use your arms for feet, and only had a mouth full of sharp little teeth to carry things in; you would make a worse job of it than we armless creatures do, I am very sure. Try it once, if you don't believe it.

In a short time I slipped over there again, and as luck would have it, the chicks were out playing; I saw I could take but one at once, and this time I did want to present it to the folks alive and well, even though a trifle frightened; so picking up one as carefully as I could, I started home with it.

Again there was the wild clucking of the mother hen, the same excitement and chasing by those women, and my anxiety as to whether

my legs would carry me safely home. It was risky, as one of those women threw a stone that flew past my ear and made it sting for a few minutes. But alas! in spite of my care, when I arrived home that chicken was dead.

"That naughty Dixie has killed another chicken," cried the grandma. I felt sad indeed. The father petted me, but not as he did that cat for killing the mice. Quite a different kind of petting. He *hurt* me, and I was sent to my room again in disgrace. He said I should not come upstairs again that night, and that no one should speak to me.

You can better realize what that meant to me, when I tell you that it had been my duty and my pleasure every night for weeks, when the children went to bed, to lie down on the floor between their beds, and stay there until both were fast asleep. I did not mind being

supperless half as much as I did, not being able to put the little ones to bed.

Again I thought, "What was my mistake?" Perhaps it was because I had not asked permission of the old hen for her chicken. But you know she would never have given it to me.

I am a well-meaning dog, as I have told you before, but, like folks, I have to learn by experience what I can do. It is so hard for us to know sometimes what people do want. Some expect us to know everything from the time we are born, unless it is to eat with a knife and fork, read and play the piano. I don't believe we make any more mistakes than babies at our age.

As a result of my meditations, I concluded that, as long as I had no apron, nor anything else in which to carry the chick, and it would fall off my back, while it evidently was unsafe

to carry even one in my mouth, I would *never* try it again. As I was thinking it all over and feeling very sad, I heard footsteps, and looking up I saw the auntie, who had slipped away and was bringing me a cup of nice, warm milk; she did not stop to pet me as was her custom on account of that command, but simply said, "Good-night, Dixie; you'll not kill any more chickens, will you?" I felt better then, as not only did the warm milk revive me, but the kind words made my heart feel lighter. Dogs appreciate kind words as much as children do.

She told the papa afterwards that I did not "realize the enormity of the crime;" I did not know just what that meant, but I felt she was trying to excuse me.

The next morning when I started to take my customary walk, I found the doors all barred; at the back door a wide board that the

big folks stepped over, and that cat climbed over.

I always wonder how she did that, and I would gladly have taught her how to bury her dinner if she only would have taught me that trick. The board did not trouble any one except Sinclair and me; we were as helpless as though it had reached the skies.

I started for the front door; so did the grandma. She would either fasten me in the house, or guide me with a firm hand into that little fenced-in yard every time I tried to go out doors. I dug out of the yard once, but they placed a box by the only possible opening I could make. The auntie then tied me to a tree, but my sharp teeth soon helped me out of that dilemma.

I felt disconsolate indeed, and watched every opportunity to get out, but the grandma watched, too; she was as watchful of me

as she had always been of that cat's interest. I heard a great deal of talk about having all the neighbors down on me. Those that did not have chickens kept a garden. Now when I was in a hurry, which means always, I could not wait to walk around a path, but went right through in a bee line; it was convenient for me, but perhaps it was rather hard on the garden.

They said something about having to send me away. That worried me, as I loved my home and the folks, especially Mary and Sinclair. I just had the worst fit of blues any dog ever had. Lacking human speech I could not explain my good resolve to my master; if I could it would have ended my punishment.

In about a week they would let me out a few minutes at a time. But I was now rarely out of their sight an instant. It was my intention to go over and make things right with

the woman who owned those chickens by being extra friendly, but before I could take two steps in that direction some one would call after me, "Come home, Dixie! Naughty dog!"

It was a long time before I had fully regained my position in the family affection. I shall ever remember that week with sadness, thinking of myself as a repentant but unforgiven dog with feelings and body all pent up. I trust *you* may never know from experience the agony I suffered from being in disgrace.

CHAPTER VII.

A GREAT EVENT.

THE somewhat unkind feelings of our neighbors towards me made my folks very anxious about me. Indeed, I felt decidedly anxious myself; I did not know what they would do, but I judged they might do something rash. I heard some one say they might give an inviting meal that would be the last of me. I did not quite understand what they meant; I thought a meal was a sign of good will. I know I am always ready for a meal, even if it is not a sumptuous one; a slim dinner is better than none at all. I have tried both kinds and I speak from experience.

A Great Event.

One day I was surprised by an invitation I received. As I told you before, I had never been allowed to even follow the family when they went away from home, either for a walk or for a drive, and the only time I did go I ran away and got lost, and was scolded, and went hungry and thirsty, and everything was so discouraging that I lost all desire to ever try to go again. But one morning I saw the mamma, the auntie, and Mary and Sinclair all get in a buggy, and I, as usual, was just going to bid them good-by, when, what do you think? the papa came towards me with a rope in his hand and tied it to my collar, and lifting me up, put me in the mamma's lap. You see I was not only invited to go with them, I was compelled to go. No wonder I was surprised; he need not have tied me in, for I was only too glad to go, and I sat there as still as a mouse; much stiller than the children.

They had two tiny seats fixed in the buggy for the little folks, but they wriggled around a good deal, I thought. I kept still, as I was so happy to think I was at last taking a ride with the children, a thing I had hardly dared dream would ever happen. To be sure I felt a little hurt when a boy who had evidently heard of my unpleasant chicken experience called out in a very saucy way, I thought:

"Are you taking Dixie to the Reform School?"

Now wasn't that a rude speech? They had always spoken of him as being a model boy, but I have never thought of him as such since he made that dreadful remark.

People smiled as they passed us; I don't see why they should, unless it was because there were so many of us. If good old Topsy did not object, I do not see why any one else should, do you?



"ARE YOU TAKING DIXIE TO THE REFORM SCHOOL?"

I enjoyed my ride immensely, only when we stopped in front of a building and got out I wished it might have been longer. There was another surprise. I was invited to go in with them, the door was shut, and I heard them say:

"Be sure and don't let Dixie out." Usually they were glad when I wanted to go out of the house, as they said I was so noisy.

This place did not look like our own house; the man must have been rich, as the walls were just covered with pictures, all pictures of people. Only one or two dogs in the whole lot. There were old men and young men, old ladies and young ladies, boys and girls, and babies, just hundreds of them. If those folks all belonged to that one little man it seems to me he had a pretty large family. They must have, though, for we do not have pictures on *our* walls unless they belong to the family,

except one they said was George Washington, whoever he was.

We did not stay long in that room, but went in another room; the light seemed to come in this room, the same as it did into my traveling box, from the top. Now there was a little room off from that one; it must have been a dark one, as he had a lighted candle in there. At first I thought it was a pantry, but I could not smell a single thing good to eat.

There were some things in the room where we were that did not look like our furniture; there were tables, chairs, and such things, and there were some things I had never seen before. One thing attracted my attention especially; I could not make out what it was, and it had a black cloth over it, so I could not examine it closely. It was fixed up on three legs like a milking stool, only higher. The man went into that little room, and while

he was there the children and I walked around examining things.

I concluded it was not a church, nor a common house, nor a store; what could it be? Soon the man returned and put something in that queer-looking thing, and turning to the mamma, said:

"How do you want them taken?"

"All together," she replied. Now I did not want to be taken anywhere, but if I must be taken somewhere I knew I would not be lonely if Mary and Sinclair were with me. But I wondered where we were to be taken.

I could not ask any questions, but I kept my eyes and ears open. The man drew out a long sofa and placed it right in front of that thing, put Mary on one end, little Sinclair on the other, and me between them. But we all slid around so he took us from that, and placed us on a long red bench; one with a back to it.

We did not need a back, however, as not one of us thought of leaning against it.

There were spaces in the seat, and my legs kept sliding through the bars so I just could not keep still, though that was what they kept telling us to do. You know yourself dogs are not expected to sit on chairs or on benches, so no wonder I was surprised when the man not only invited me to sit there, but insisted upon it. The seat was not as comfortable to me as the floor would have been, as I was more used to that. Not one of us wanted to keep still; the children disliked it as much as I did. The man wasn't even willing we should wink.

I wondered what it all meant. One thing that looked wrong to me was for that man to keep putting his head under that black cloth. It did seem very suspicious. When a dog intends to steal or perform some other mean

trick, he wants to do it in the dark; so I was very sure that man meant no good. Every time I saw him put his head under that cloth I would get right down off that bench and go to some corner of the room; and just as often as I did that the man or the auntie would put me back on the bench. Now I would have been perfectly willing to have stayed anywhere in the room except right in front of that queer-looking machine.

But they were persistent in their efforts to keep me right in that place. I was afraid the machine would go off, and I did not know but I was to be killed in this way for killing those chickens. I thought the man surely could not take us very far on that bench, and he did not seem to try, so I decided they had changed their minds about taking us away. I felt foolish sitting there, so I kept my ears down; then he would whistle and I would get down

and go to him, when he would look disgusted. We do have such trouble finding out what people want us to do. Usually a whistle means "to come;" here it evidently meant "to stay" and to keep still, too.

Finally, click went the machine, and the man took something out of it, and went with it into that dark room; he came out in a moment and the mamma said, "Now, I want Dixie taken alone." I did wish the children could stay with me, because I did not feel quite as timid with them as I did alone.

Again the man put his head back in that same dire-looking thing and again the thing clicked; I jumped just as the thing went off. I concluded that the interesting performance we had just gone through with was what the mamma meant when she spoke of having us "taken." Then we all went out and got in the buggy, and drove home.

A Great Event.

The next day the auntie brought home a piece of paper that she called a "proof." And just think of it, on that piece of paper was a picture of the children and myself. They said it was not good, as I moved. How can any one expect a dog and two little children to all keep still at the same time?

It seems I was taken and did not know it.

I had my feelings hurt, though, when a lady, looking at the picture said:

"My, but isn't he an insignificant-looking cur?"

I thought I was as respectable a looking cur as she was woman. She asked Mary what kind of a dog I was, and Mary replied:

"Papa says he is a 'Box Terror.'" I expect she said that because the first time she ever saw me I was in my traveling box.

I was almost glad I did move, for they said we would have to go and sit again. Another

day we tried it again, with just about the same experience.

This time, just as before, we were in what I would call a fine position, when the man came to us, turned Mary's head a little to one side, crossed Sinclair's feet, twisted me around once or twice, went back to his machine and peeked at us. Then he came back again, changed the position of Mary's hands, raised the boy's chin a trifle, gave me another twist, went back and peeked once more; and then if he did not come back and arrange us all over again!

"All right; ready; keep still," he said, as he took one final peek.

Now between you and me, we were back in precisely the same position we occupied before he began to arrange us at all. I was tired, and I am sure the children were, too, as Mary said:

"Mamma, I *can't* sit still."



"ALL RIGHT, READY; KEEP STILL."

"Me not sit still, too. Ditsie not, e'ver," said Sinclair, who always agreed with Mary.

Then we went home, and afterwards, when the man sent us a proof of our second visit, we all liked it, and I trust you will, too. I would not object to having our pictures taken every day, now I have got used to it; neither would the children; but when they suggested it to the auntie, she groaned.

You see I had decided that machine simply clicks, and never goes off at all, and that I was not taken there to be killed for my unintended dreadful misdeeds.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT CAT.

I WONDER whether I have said anything very unkind about that cat. She was cross at first, and gave me what you might call a *warm* welcome when I came, but after we got acquainted and became used to each other, she really was not so bad.

I hope I was never really unkind to her. Sinclair used to catch hold of her tail when she would come rubbing against him; he didn't pull it—the cat did that—but he held her in position while she did the pulling. But Mary was kind to her, and the grandma always preferred her to me, and sometimes would give her more than her share of our dinner. But



"THAT CAT."

then, there was usually enough for both, so that did not matter. And, now I come to think of it, Puss has done much to add to my happiness since I came here. She was a very exemplary cat, and no one will ever think of her without remembering how very kind she always was; not only to those of her own race, but even to the smallest of creatures, mice excepted. You may wonder at my not having spoken of her in this way before; but the truth is she wasn't dead then. Please do not think I killed her in one of our few unpleasant interviews for which I was entirely to blame; for, indeed, I did not. No one mourns her loss more than I do. I was, as you know, closely associated with her for several months, and so feel competent to judge; and I can truly say that in her were embodied all those graces that combined to make her a splendid specimen of cathood. She was

very well all winter, but in the spring we noticed her appetite was not as keen as it had been, and she seemed languid. Why, she became so ill that the mice grew bold, and one day one of them ran right over her front feet and she never moved a muscle. For many days she never touched food, and at last one day she went to sleep and never waked up. The papa took her away, and that is the last I ever saw of that dear cat. I heard one of those mice say that he saw the papa bury her down in the garden, and he thought she ought to have a tombstone engraved

"In June, '99 that cat did die;
She is at rest and so am I."

The contemptible little scamp! I'd pay him if I could only catch him, but I've failed every time I've tried. One of them even said to me:

"If you had treated her better when she was alive, and given her less praise since she died, I think it would have been more to that cat's interest." Now wasn't that a mean speech? You may not believe me, but really I did miss her very much for a long time. I would gladly have divided my dinner with her unless it was *too* slim. I was so lonely I felt I needed a playmate, so I determined to look around and see if I could find one in the neighborhood suitable for me to associate with. I noticed our neighbors, who had recently moved near us, owned a cat, so I thought I would be friendly with her. But she seemed to have taken a dislike to me from the very first. I cannot imagine why, either. One night I saw her crossing our back yard, so I walked towards her. She looked at me as if I were her mortal enemy, her back was arched, her eyes flashed, and her appearance brought to my

mind my first interview with our dear cat. That was before we began to have our good times. This cat turned around and ran home, and I went in the house discouraged at my unsuccessful attempt to be friendly. This happened several nights in succession; at last a night came I will never forget. I noticed when she came towards me that she had a very determined air about her; still I walked slowly in her direction, and what do you think? She raised her paw and gave me a dreadfully hard cuff right across my left ear. My, but it did hurt. That ended my attempt to be friendly with her. I did not care to cultivate the acquaintance of a cat with such a dreadful disposition as that cat had. It was so unlike the amiable disposition of our dear cat. But all cats cannot have good dispositions, any more than all children and dogs can.

One day Mary let me go with her to see

That Cat.

Grace Allen, who had for a pet a canary bird that looked like a little yellow ball, and lived in a cage hung on the wall.

I had seen birds before, but they lived out of doors. I had several times seen our cat playing with them; she would toss them this way and that, and when they tried to leave her she would insist upon their staying. I know now that it must have grieved her, tender hearted as she was, to find out that the little play spell always ended in killing the birds. Of course it was unintentional. I am sorry to say I blamed her then, and so did the auntie, but now I know it was as unintentional as it was with me when I killed those chickens.

Whether this bird of Grace's was in a cage, to keep other animals out or to keep her in, I'm sure I don't know. The cage had a little door on one side, but it was closed all the time I was there, and it had a tiny swing in

which the bird seemed to have a fine time. She did not say anything except "Seed, seed," but they said she could sing beautifully. I could not get through that little door to play with her, and I do not imagine we would have been very congenial, anyway.

I saw another bird there, an odd-looking one wearing a green jacket; she did not ask for seed as the other one did, but inquired right out in plain English for "a cracker," and told us her name was Polly, too. My surprise was still greater when she called out, "Go on home, now," as when I went anywhere I was used to staying as long as I pleased. We did not go until we got ready, though. I would have played alone forever rather than be talked at by her. There was evidently no playmate for me there.



"HELEN'S DOG JILL."

CHAPTER IX.

SEEKING A PLAYMATE.

Of course I loved to romp with Mary and Sinclair; but sometimes they slept or went visiting, and besides they got tired before I was half through playing, so I did long for a playmate of my very own, a nice dog preferred. There were strange dogs that came and went, but I did not know a nice one that lived near enough for a companion. A neighbor back of us had a dog, a little bit of a surly cur nicknamed "Greedy Jim." "Live and let live!" is a saying among people that is good for dogs to live by, too. Now, Jim could "live" all right, it was the "let live" that bold-

ered him. If he would find a special treat in the line of a bone, or something else good to eat, he would keep still about it, and almost make himself sick eating; then he would go and bury every bit that was left, no matter how hungry other dogs might be, or how hard we coaxed him for it.

Do you wonder that he was not a favorite with the other dogs? Not one liked him, and we would rather play alone than play with him. Dogs do not like a selfish playmate any more than children do.

Well, one day, as Jim was taking a little walk, he ran across what was to all appearances a delicious, juicy, raw piece of beefsteak, just what rejoices a dog's heart. He, as usual, dragged it off in a corner by himself; it tasted so good that he ate even more than usual, and buried the rest for future use. It was not long before he became very sick,

and after suffering several hours, he died. He was buried in a corner of his master's yard, and those same dreadful mice said that his epitaph ought to be:

"Arsenic did for our dear Jim,
Though greediness helped in ending him."

Another neighbor had some rabbits; they were cunning little things, but did not know how to walk, or run either. They looked so funny, too, when they ate anything; they did not seem to eat sensible food as a dog does, but ate grass, or at least it looked like that. As lonely as I was, and as much as I wanted a playmate to take the place of that dear cat, I soon saw that I couldn't have a bit of fun with those odd-looking creatures.

A gentleman living near us owned a pony. Topsy was as big as four of that little

fellow. He bought it for his grandchildren, of whom he was very fond. He also gave them a nice little cart and harness, and they had many a fine ride. I often saw the children pass in that tiny affair. Once they came and invited Mary to go with them, and I looked so longingly after them that they said:

"Come on, Dixie, you may go, too, if you want to." I went up to them and they helped me in. What fun we did have! I wanted to take my turn driving, but they would not trust me. I really felt safer than I did in our own buggy, riding after Topsy, as I could jump out of this if I became frightened, it was so low.

The grandpa seemed to have perfect confidence in the pony as well as in the children, for he allowed them to drive all over town by themselves. Nothing more serious ever hap-

pened than that they were spilled out a few times, but as no one was hurt, and they had a good laugh over it, people smiled when they saw them pass. But in spite of the many good qualities of the pony, and the many good times he gave the children, you can see he was no playmate for me.

There was a widow living near us who had some animals that lived in a little house by themselves; I heard some one call it a pen; it wasn't just like the chickens' house, anyway. But I could not think for a moment of associating with them, as they usually looked so dirty and untidy; they would even seek the deepest mud-hole in sight and roll over in it and look blissfully happy. It did not seem to bother their mistress either, as it did mine when I was not quite clean. At least I never heard of their being washed except as they were caught out in a summer shower. They

were naturally nice-looking little fellows, though I never found out what their original color was. Their tails were about as long as mine, only there was a little twist on the end. I expect they were done up over night on those funny little things I have seen ladies wear on their heads before breakfast.

Then, too, their voices were not musical, perhaps because they had not been trained properly. But neither was the voice of the nephew who lived there, and sometimes fed the pigs. It did sound queer to hear him say, "P-o-y, P-o-y, P-o-y." It must be that I am no judge of voices, though, for I heard the auntie say he was the leading tenor in one of the churches and received ten dollars a Sunday for singing.

Those little pigs seemed to have such a lazy time. No wonder they were fat; all they had to do was to eat, sleep and roll in the mud.

Still they were not satisfied; they broke out of the pen once, and it wasn't three minutes before all of them were strolling down the street.

I will not tell you what the woman said when she discovered them, for she has always been considered a good woman. But she followed them; she seemed to have something to say to them, and she wanted to say it right then. The woman and pigs did not agree as to which was the safest and best route home. But I joined in the chase, and we soon had them safe in their pen. I believe the woman would have been chasing them yet if I had not done so. They did very well to chase, but I did not consider them my equals, and that was what I wished for in a playmate.

Where could I look next? I wandered a little farther than usual one day, and found a

dog who, for a short time, was destined to be my friend. There was only one thing upon which we didn't agree. He didn't like boys, but I didn't blame him when he gave me his reasons. He told me of many times when he had been dreadfully ill-treated by them, and to my surprise, I found out he was the very dog, with the fine bushy tail, whose experience with the tin can I have told you about before.

My friend's name was Tanner, and we had many a fine romp together. I learned a good deal from him, too, as he was older and wiser than I. He was a beautiful red and white setter, who had formerly been a hunting dog, but now was only a stable dog. He and Joe, the family horse, were great friends; when Joe would return after being away, Tanner would jump up and lick his nose, as much as



"MY FRIEND'S NAME WAS TANNER."

to say, "I am glad you've come home," and would jump around with his bushy tail flying like a banner. He was a good watch-dog, and would chase off all strange dogs and cats, unless he took a fancy to them, which was not often. But, alas, it wasn't very long until Tanner disappeared, and I felt sad indeed, as day after day I went to his home and couldn't find him. I have never seen him since.

I was growing disheartened, indeed, to think that after so long a time seeking a playmate, I should lose him so soon. I was afraid I would never again find such a friend as Tanner. But one day I went with Mary to see a little friend of hers named Helen Kinney, and there I found a beautiful black spaniel, which was a great pet with both Helen and her little sister, Margaret. The dog's name was Jill, and she had a brother Jack. We had fine

times together, while the little girls played with their dolls.

Though not like Tanner, Jill had many fine qualities, and it made me very happy that at last I had found a playmate.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT A DOG LIKES.

CHILDREN and dogs are alike in that both have very strong likes and dislikes. When I have an unpleasant thing to do, I like to do it and have it over with. So I will speak of our dislikes first. Whenever I think of what I dislike most I remember how humiliated I felt when that woman chased me with a broom-stick, and how distressed I should feel if I had a long, beautiful, bushy tail, and some boy should tie a tin can or a bunch of fire-crackers to it.

Now all children know of many things that are done to dogs just in fun, like pulling our

ears and twisting our tails, which, although they may not injure us, are still very annoying. Why, I have even seen dogs with their ears clipped, the owners thinking that improved their appearance. How would they like to have their own appearance improved in that way, I wonder? No dog thinks it becoming; we are sure our Maker knows what true beauty is better than the people who are cruel enough to inflict such pain upon us to satisfy their own fancy. It's wicked, and that's the truth of the matter.

Among the small things that we dislike is to be walking quietly along, attending to our own business, and have a boy shy a stone at us. Even though done in fun, and he would not hurt us for anything, such things make people very nervous, why not dogs? One thing more; no child likes to be scolded. I have heard more than one child say that he would rather take a



WHAT A DOG LIKES.

sound thrashing any day than be scolded. Dogs feel the same about it. Of course it is all right to correct us, but we will do to please you a great deal more quickly if you speak to us kindly.

Now, let me tell you what a dog likes. If I were to try to tell you what one thing I like better than all else, I would hardly know what to say. I would hate to say it was a good dinner, even though people say that a good dinner will put even a big man in excellent spirits when all else fails, and the lack of it will make a saint cross. I will confess, though, that I do enjoy having plenty to eat, and having it regularly. On some days when my folks have had a chicken-pie dinner, I have had more than I could possibly eat at one time. At such times I am glad I am not a cat. For after I have eaten all I care for I can bury the bones; but when the family have

had a meal composed of salad, onions, cucumbers, olives, pickles, and things like that, if there is ever so much left, it is what I call a very slim dinner.

Then it is that I can go and dig up that buried dinner, if some other dog hasn't found it, and though it is cold, I would rather have one of those bones than that whole meal of vegetables, even before the family have tasted a morsel of it. I do enjoy lying under the table while the folks are at meals. Of course I should like to sit at the table with the others, or at least, get a taste of the good things, but, for some reason, when I entered that house, the mamma forbade my having a morsel until all were through eating, and my dinner was placed on my dish on the back porch. Sometimes when the dinner was extra good—I could tell by the smell—I could hardly wait for it. Perhaps you know from experience

how hard it was for me to wait. The smell was about all I did get sometimes, when they had those vegetable dinners.

But if by chance I got on the grandma's lame foot, when I was under the table, I was sure to be shoved off quite forcibly, and, if I persisted in getting there, I was ordered to go down cellar, not really in disgrace, but because the folks preferred to have me there. I was so tired of "Go down cellar." Although it was my home, I almost wished there was no such place.

Now that cat did not know enough to bury what she could not eat. After I had overcome my dislike for her I felt sorry for her, and tried to teach her how to do it. Then I thought her very dumb and obstinate, for she could not learn, though she watched me closely, and I gave her many lessons. Now, as I think of it and remember her patience, I am

sure it was not her nature to dig as I dig. As it was, she just had to eat what was set before her or go without, as she could not, or thought she could not, lay aside anything for a hungry day. That's where dogs have the advantage over cats.

I like people to be well-dressed, but not too much so. When my folks come home from church or from making formal calls, and I try to show my joy at seeing them, they say in the most decisive and disgusted tone, "Down, Dixie," or "Go away, sir!" and I cannot have one bit of fun with them until they are once more dressed in their everyday clothes. Then they will sometimes even hold me on their laps if my feet are clean. That's one thing I like.

Some dogs seem to have the finest kind of a time chasing their tails, running around so fast and so long that it makes me fairly dizzy



DUDE DRAWING A CART.

to watch them. As my experience and tail have both been quite limited I do not feel competent to say much regarding this line of sport.

I believe, after all, upon thinking it all over, that there is nothing I enjoy quite so well as to play and romp out of doors with Mary and Sinclair and their little friends. The father gave them a little cart to which they harnessed me, and I would draw it while they would run along the side of the cart and drive. What fun we did have!

Some dogs can draw quite a heavy load. Once I saw one called Dude drawing a good-sized cart which his young master had made himself. I often drew a whole cart-load of dolls, without ever spilling one of them out, except once, when Boy Blue leaned over a little too far and lost his balance and head at the same time. Poor Boy Blue! His head was broken in a dozen pieces, but it evidently

was not as serious with him as if it had been one of the children, for the very next day he appeared on the scene all ready for another ride. I noticed he had changed a good deal, as before he was a handsome brunette, while this time he appeared as a charming blonde. So I decided he had either dyed his hair, or Mary had bought him a new head. It must have been the latter, for how else can I account for the beautiful blue eyes he now had. I am very sure even before his fall his eyes were a jet black.

I have heard that was a habit with my little mistress, and that she had as many as ten different heads for one of her dolls.

There are many other things that we like very much and I would enjoy telling you about them for the pleasure I trust it might give you, and also the benefit it might prove to dogs in general, but I must stop.

CHAPTER XI.

BIG DOGS.

AFTER the folks realized how much I enjoyed riding they would occasionally take me with them when they were just going for a short ride to give the children a good time. I soon learned how to tease for what I wanted by watching the children. Sometimes it does not do one bit of good to tease, and then again it does. One day the auntie put Sinclair and Mary in the buggy, then lifting me up, placed me in the lap of a young lady who was to go with us.

I rode backward for a while, but I didn't like that, as it made me dizzy. Besides, I

could see the folks at home, and when I went riding I wanted to see the sights, if there were any. Once I saw a dog and tried to jump out, but Lottie, the young lady, grabbed me and pulled me back, and the auntie told me to sit still or I should go home and stay there. As I didn't care to be sent home in disgrace, I kept very quiet after that.

We called at a house where there was a lady and two children, one a little boy who could walk but preferred to creep when he was in a hurry; the other, a girl about as big as Mary; besides these, there was a large, kind-looking dog, whose name was King. There was a large yard with trees and a big swing in it, and the children and we dogs played and romped while the ladies talked. That big dog was as graceful as our dear cat; and the auntie said he was "a perfect Lord Chesterfield in his manners." Although we ran about so

fast, and never knew a moment in advance where any one of the children would be, there was no accident except once, when King in one of his curves knocked Mary over.

I thought it was quite a hard fall, but she jumped up laughing, and never shed a tear; she knew it was unintentional. The lady said that my movements were like a streak of lightning, while King's resembled the waves of the sea, whatever they are.

King was gentle, too; he would even take little Joseph's arm in his mouth to lead him around. I used to think big dogs were always ferocious, but since I have seen so many of them that are far more tender than any little dogs I ever knew, I have changed my mind. I shall always remember that visit with pleasure, and am glad I met King.

We called at another place where I saw a St. Bernard, called Kanine. She did not

have much time to visit, as she was the fond mother of nine little puppies. I am fortunate enough to have a picture of this interesting family group. I hope you will like it as well as I do. Did you ever see a kinder, sweeter face?

I was sure, after this, that I had seen as large dogs as ever lived, but one came to our house with his mistress that was larger than King or Kanine. His name was Leo, and if there are any larger dogs than he is I don't want to see them; he nearly frightened me to death when I first saw him. I didn't challenge him to a fight, I assure you.

I really don't see that he was any smarter than we little dogs are, though I will confess that simply by his immense size he did most effectually ward off all tramps; the yellow-fever sign could not have done better. My! but he did look big to me!



KANINE AND HER NINE.

Big Dogs.

They said he was just a puppy, but he was so big that the auntie measured him with a strip of cloth with marks all along it. She said that he was six feet from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose, and thirty-five inches high. His mistress said he weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. What will he be when he gets to be a *big* dog? I'd like to know.

After I got over being frightened at his size and saw he wanted to be friendly, I enjoyed his visit very much. I found out he was a very kind and intelligent dog. He told me something of his life.

"I have lived with my family since I was four months old," said he. "The Judge bought me for a companion and protector for his daughter. I am quite one of the family, and I like that except when I am punished for doing wrong. I have my

own bed, with a nice pillow. Every evening after supper I march up to my room, but not until I have had a good-night pat from each member of the family.

"One day my young mistress brought a kitten to the house. I usually like anything she does, but I couldn't stand that, so I picked up that creature and carried it over to a meat market near. The family said it was because I thought it would be well cared for there, as there were enough extra bones lying around to keep a whole family of kittens alive, but, between you and me, that was not the reason.

"I used to think I should never be willing to share the love of my family with any one, but I have changed my mind, for a little girl has been adopted and brought there to live. I confess I did not like it at first, but when I found out that she was a little homeless girl, I felt differently about it, and soon learned to

love her, and now we are the best of friends. One of our favorite games is 'Hide and Go Seek.' Did you ever play it? It's great fun.

"Did you ever have your picture taken?" he asked me. "It was the queerest performance; I hadn't the least idea what they were trying to do, only I knew I didn't like lying still on a rug, and having a strange little man fussing around me, telling me to 'lie still,' and peeking at me through a thing my mistress called a camera. It wasn't interesting at all, only once when my mistress said, 'Rats, Leo!' They gave up pretty soon, and we came away. I didn't see anything of any rats, and think my mistress must have been mistaken.

"Wasn't I surprised, though, when they showed me a picture of a dog that certainly looked like me. I wonder how they got it! It was not bad looking, either; I'll show you one, Dixie, when you come to see me.

"I like Maud, the horse, too, pretty well. They don't have to explain to me when a drive is on hand. I am always ready long before the rest are, but of course I don't have to stop to put on a shawl and hat; that's where dogs have the advantage over women. I jump around and say, 'Hurry up, people, I'm ready to go.'

"Besides the girls, there were two boys in our family. As a rule I don't like boys, it seems so natural for them to tease; but I liked these boys; they were so kind to me, especially the older one. But I hadn't been there very long before I realized that something dreadful had happened. I couldn't find my young master anywhere, though I searched for him day after day. I would lie down by his door for hours, thinking surely he would come home, but he never came. Since then I have adopted



"RATS, LEO!"

the younger son for my master, and I follow him about."

These are some of the things I remember that Leo told me about his life. You see our lives are quite different, but both are very happy ones.

Since I am talking to you about big dogs I will tell you of some peculiar circumstances connected with another one. Dan was a slave and lived in Tennessee. That was long ago. Once I heard his master tell the story of his life, which was a happy one until he, with ten other little darkies, was given by his master to his daughter as a wedding present and sent to Alabama, where she went to live. This made a great change in his life, for the new master was unkind, and the slaves often went hungry. It was a happy moment for Dan when one day he saw his old master come riding up to the door, and he was happier still

when he found that he and the other ill-used little fellows were to be taken back to Tennessee, a long trip, but such a joyful one. The old master had come on horseback, but going home he took turns walking, and let the foot-sore little darkies ride. The horse was patient, too; many times he had four or five of them on his back at once. After traveling several days they reached their home. After the war set them free Dan came North, where he spent the rest of his life. He died quite suddenly, one night, and was buried just outside the family vault. And the big dog I wanted to tell you about stood like a sentinel, guarding that grave week after week, and month after month. No one ever thought of offering him a morsel of food to eat, or even a drop of water to drink, or asked him to take a little walk to rest him. He did not leave that one sacred spot for an instant. Through



"THERE HE STOOD LIKE A SENTINEL."

storm and sunshine, through the winter's blast and the summer's heat, there he stood, faithful to his trust. He was a perfect monument of patience and faithfulness, that beautiful bronze dog.

CHAPTER XII.

DOG DAYS.

Dogs have happy and unhappy days the same as folks. Sometimes, I will confess, my days are unhappy as a result of my own misdeeds, whether intentional or otherwise. Yes, I sometimes do a thing even though I have been punished severely for it, and know, too, that just as sure as I do it, I shall be punished again. Foolish, isn't it? Did you ever do so? And were you not sorry afterwards?

I know I have faults, but I am glad to say that deceit is not one of them, even though some have intimated that conceit is. About six weeks after my forced seclusion because

Dog Days.

I accidentally killed our neighbor's chickens, I felt an insane desire to go chicken hunting again, in spite of my happiness in having at last regained my former position in the family affection, and though I knew the punishment would be more severe than it was before.

You see, I had learned thoroughly that it was impossible for me to take those chickens home without killing them on the home trip. And yet I decided, in spite of my resolves, to do it again, and soon an opportunity came to me and I sneaked away from the children and seized it.

I realized what was coming when I saw a woman chasing me. I managed to reach home and was met at the door by the grandma; I knew *her* welcome would not be cordial, so I just flew past and ran to my room, where I stayed the rest of the day. The auntie brought me my supper, but I felt she was provoked at

me. I had done wrong once too many times for even her to forgive me, and I felt ashamed and angry at myself to think I had been so foolish.

Unhappy days followed; of course they did. What else could I expect? I knew I deserved it, and knew, too, that those days might have been happy, had I only refrained from doing what I knew was wrong.

But that was really my last offense of the sort, though not the last time I was accused. For if any chickens were missing the first thing people said, was:

"Why, that must be Preacher Smith's dog's work, as he is a chicken-killer."

Now, that mortified me dreadfully, when I was innocent. I was even severely thrashed several times when some horrid rats really deserved it. But that's what comes from earning such an unenviable reputation.



"I SNEAKED AWAY FROM THE CHILDREN."

Dog Days.

Then I had other happy days. For instance, when the neighborhood children came to play with Mary and Sinclair. There were Marjorie, and Clark, and Warren, and little Rose Catherine, all nice little folks. They often played school; Clark was usually the teacher, as he was the biggest and most dignified, while Warren kept order. They did not think Sinclair was old enough to know how to spell, but after he had listened a while to the others he said, "Tintlair pell too—D-o-wow-wow."

They all laughed at him, but if I am any judge at all, it seems to me that he knew how to spell dog better than any of the others. Any dog could *understand* that.

If people would only explain to us dogs beforehand what was going to happen it would save us many a nervous shock. There was one dreadful day I will never forget. The night before I had a very restless time, for I

kept hearing such strange noises. When morning came it was ten times worse; I only ventured upstairs once all day. Then I saw the folks light some little sticks that in burning up made the most dreadful noise, but it didn't seem to worry them, as they kept it up all day. I ran back down cellar, but at night I was so lonesome that I went upstairs again, and followed the family to a neighbor's, where they had what they called "Fireworks." The rest all seemed to enjoy it, but I confess I didn't. It was entirely too noisy. I saw one dog who acted crazy. Why, he walked right up to one of those things, after it was lighted, and ate it up. I expected every minute he would fly right up in the air, be bright for a minute and then drop to the earth with a big noise, as the other things did. But it seemed to agree with him and did not hurt him at all.

I was glad when it was over and we all went home.

The folks called the day the "Glorious Fourth," but I should call it the most dreadful of all the days I ever spent.

I like to play with the children's toys, of which they have a good many. I never intended to spoil them, but when I became real interested I sometimes forgot to handle them gently, and then something would be broken and "down cellar" I would have to go to think it over.

I did not have to stay very long for that, though. As I said before, it is very unhandy to have to carry everything in one's mouth, but if the toy was not where I wanted it, how was I to get it there unless I carried it there myself? And then, too, I confess, it is just *lots* of fun to shake things.

However, the list of things wounded or

utterly destroyed grows quite appalling to a little dog who has no way of replacing them.

Some were Christmas and birthday presents, and rewards for good behavior. There was that little blonde doll of Mary's that she received for not crying for a week when her mamma combed her hair; that was before they cut her curls off; and Sinclair's cart that they gave him for not trotting all around the room during worship, both of which I spoiled. Then there was the rubber dog, that when I finished playing had two front legs entirely gone. And I shook Susie, the small doll, so vigorously that her eyes dropped back in her head, leaving holes in their place. Once I jumped on to Sinclair's drum, and broke a hole in it, and another time I tried to pull his hobby horse backward by the tail, when all the hair came off. Then one day I was playing that the auntie's knit shoes were rats, and I

shook and chewed them so they all came to pieces. I suppose it was naughty, but one day after the grandma had given my dinner to the cat, I carried one of her rubbers under the house where no one else could get it, and I would not volunteer, because every time anything was missing she would say that *I* had lost it, even though I had not seen it at all. And I could not speak and tell the truth about it, either, as a child can do, when wrongfully accused.

CHAPTER XIII.

"BOW-WOW-WOW!"

THERE is one thing that every dog I ever knew or heard of, large or small, likes to do, and that is to bark. No matter whether it is in the day-time or in the night; we are always ready to bark. People seem to object to it for some reason. I think sometimes it is because it is such a monotonous sound; but we are not to blame because we cannot run up and down the scale as singers do, or because we are deprived of a rich bass voice. We do the very best we can, and never tire of it ourselves; but it seems to make other people tired, especially in the night-time. Why, I have

known people to hurl old shoes, rubbers, brushes and other articles, and to yell in a very undignified, unbecoming manner:

"Dixie, Dixie, stop that racket!"

Indeed, it was very annoying to me, so much so that I have sometimes just been obliged to stop for as much as five minutes, and then it was difficult for me to know just where I left off. You see, when we can't sleep it helps to pass away the time in a manner pleasant—to us. Sometimes we are awakened by strange noises; then we feel a sort of liberty to bark loud and long, and sometimes we have frightened away burglars. How often, no one knows, as the burglars do not always tell.

When my family lived out West, a strange dog came to them, and the first night he barked so much they said they would send him away, as they could not and would not have their rest so disturbed by his noise; but the next day

they discovered he had by his barking and fierce manner really warded off some burglars that had entered the house next door, and had been seen skulking around, and peering into the windows of their house. It is needless to say they did not send him away, but gladly gave him a home till, after some years, he was poisoned by a postman for simply trying to defend himself when the postman kicked him. The man tried to excuse himself, by saying the dog was mad, while every one knew it was the postman that was mad. He was not shot, however, as a mad dog would have been; in fact, nothing at all was done to him for his cruel deed.

Some dogs make it a point to bark at every man they see, whether he is riding in a wagon or carriage, or on horseback, or on a bicycle, or walking, whether he be far or near; but a well-bred dog only barks when he thinks the

occasion demands it. But all dogs bark sometimes at a man who lives thousands of miles away.

One reason I enjoy barking at him more than at any other man is because, aside from the distance which would prevent his hitting me, should he desire to throw something, there seems to be nothing to throw; though, of course, I do not know what he may have hidden back of that jolly old face of his. Indeed, he seems to be nothing but face. If there were stones or brickbats handy he hasn't even the sign of an arm with which to throw them; as for kicking, he seems to be deprived of the necessary feet to do that with. I would not be afraid of the worst boy on earth in that condition. You would think he might at least have a voice, but no one has ever heard a sound issue from those lips, so you see he cannot even "holler" at me.

He goes away sometimes, but is sure to return. First, he looks wan and thin, as if he had not had enough to eat; but this climate seems to agree with him, for every day his cheeks look a little more plump, and his face happier, until it is as round as an apple. This, however, lasts but a few days; then, for some reason, he begins to grow thin again, and he gets thinner and thinner, and sadder and sadder, until he melts away into nothingness, and the earth would be left in total darkness were it not for his traveling companions, the twinkling stars.

I have heard that a great poet once said:

"I would rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

And we dogs all agree with him in that, though

we don't know what a Roman might have been.

It is not always a mark of ill-temper or disapproval when we bark, for it is often a signal of welcome; but, as I have said before, we are unfortunate in not having a greater variety of barks. Many a time I have tried in my own way to welcome some timid woman whom I would not for the world injure, but as soon as she caught sight of me, and before I had barked a single bark, I have seen her pick up a stick or a stone, in case she had no umbrella. Still more humiliating, if she could find no weapon, she would call out:

"Please call off the dog," or "Will he bite?" Think of the insult to a well-meaning dog!

If she received no response, I have even known her to go away without making known her errand. Do you wonder I often long for human speech? I would not blame timid folks

if they acted in that manner at sight of a Great Dane or even a Pug, as they do look dangerous, but they ought to be ashamed to do so when they see me.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING A-FISHING.

ONE day I followed the papa and a friend of his when they started on a little trip. There were trips and *trips;* and preparations were different according to the kind of a trip the folks were going to make. For instance, before going to church those who were going would put on their best clothes. Topsy always went along with them; usually they carried books and papers. How good and kind they always looked. Mary seemed to think she must always take a penny with her; she said it was to buy papers.

The trip I am going to tell you about wasn't

that kind of a trip. Before the father started he put on the very worst-looking suit he had; I was almost ashamed to be seen with him. Before starting he went out to the garden and dug up something; first I thought it was a bone or something good to eat to take to a sick neighbor, as the mamma often did; but instead of that he put it into a tin can, and after getting a long pole, he joined his friend, and we started off.

We walked a long distance before we came to a place where there was just lots of water. They got into a little boat.

"Come on, Dixie," cried the papa.

I was almost afraid to get in the boat, but thought I could go where they could. They had two long boards each side of the boat which they kept moving. After a while the friend took a big stone that was in the boat,

tied a rope to it so it would not get lost, and threw it into the water.

That made the boat rock till I was afraid I would fall out, so I kept very quiet. Then I found out what the papa had brought from the garden in that little tin can. It was some worms, all squirming around as though they would like to get out. But they had a surprise in store for them, for the papa put one on a hook lengthwise, and threw it into the water. I have always wondered why he did that. I don't believe the worms liked it.

Then I discovered why they had those long poles; the hooks were fastened to one end by a string, so they could pull them back. They each threw one away out into the water, and then kept watching a cork that bobbed up and down.

I thought all this a very strange performance; but wasn't I frightened when all of a

sudden the friend jumped up, in a very excited manner.

"I've got a bite and he's a big one, too!" he cried.

He kept pulling in the line, and what do you think? On the end was a great bunch of grass. I thought he could have found plenty of that right at home. He seemed utterly disgusted, but soon strung another of those little squirmers on his hook, threw the line back into the water, and watched the bobber.

After a while there was another excitement, another pulling of a line, and this time the papa, instead of drawing out a lot of grass, had on the end of his line something that was alive. Yes, very much so. I guess you'd have thought so if you had seen it flop and try to get off that line; but it couldn't without help. The papa seemed to be sorry for it; at least he

took it off the hook and threw it back into the water.

"What dreadful luck we are having to-day," he said. "You caught some grass, and now I've caught a bull-head."

Again he threw out his line. I wondered what he expected to find on the end of it; evidently something. After a while he caught something else, and I knew from the expression on his face that he was pleased. He looked as he does after he has had a good dinner. I could not tell yet what was on the end of that line, and wondered if it were a pig or a hen; it wasn't either, but was an animal I had never seen before.

"I believe this bass will weigh six pounds," I heard him say, as it came flying towards us. It looked immense to me, most as big as a horse. And it seemed so restless out of the water, or else it was because it wasn't ac-

quainted with us. It didn't like it at any rate, and wanted to go home, but it could not get away.

The papa put it in a pail of water that was in the boat, and threw back his line to catch, if possible, some of the rest of the family, so this one would be more contented, and after a while he caught another that looked near enough like this one to be its brother; but that did not make matters much better, as then there were two uneasy animals instead of one.

Then the friend caught something that did not look like those in the pail; it was the biggest fellow of all. He almost landed him, but the line broke, and away the monster ran with the hook in his mouth. It must have bothered him, though, when he wanted to eat.

After we got home I heard the papa tell the mamma that Mac almost caught a turtle; so I knew that was what the creature was.

We waited so long between catches that I determined to try a quicker method. The next time I saw one of those creatures close to the boat, I made a jump and landed in the water near it; I wasn't quick enough, though, and my attempt proved a failure.

"There goes Dixie; catch him quick," the papa cried, but I swam about as though I had spent all my days in the water. I had never been in before, and was surprised to find that it wasn't at all necessary to have my feet touch the ground. Now on land, that had seemed rather necessary when I walked. Perhaps it wasn't, though the only time I tried to walk without I didn't succeed very well.

When I got out of breath the papa helped me back into the boat. After I was well rested I tried it again, but for some reason I was no more successful than the first time. Worse

than that; instead of catching anything, I got caught.

While I was trying to overtake one of those funny little moving things the papa called fish, I felt something grab my foot, and it did not let go, either. I can feel it yet. I howled with pain.

"A turtle has got hold of Dixie's leg," said the papa. I knew something had it besides myself, but wasn't sure what. I only knew I was willing to part company, whatever it was. I expect, though, it would have been just as unpleasant for that fish, had I caught one, as that turtle made it for me.

I had enough fishing for one day, and was glad when the men drew in their lines and we rowed to the shore. I enjoyed the ride in the boat. Sometimes, as I looked over the side of the boat, I saw a little dog that looked like me, but as I had enough baths for one day, I felt



"NOW THAT DOG IS OF SOME USE."

he might come where I was if he wanted to play with me; but he didn't come. I was quite sure we would agree first rate; I could evidently have my way all the time, as he didn't even move unless I did, as far as I could see, though, of course, I don't know what he did when I wasn't watching him. We got out of the boat when we reached shore, but the little dog did not come, though I barked for him.

As we walked towards home, tired but happy, we met Fred Youse, who was riding in a cart drawn by his dog, John.

"Now that dog is of some use," said the papa's friend. "If Dixie were bigger and had such a cart, he might carry our fish home for us."

"Dixie's all right," said the papa; "if you'll make him a cart like Fred's, I'll guarantee that he will draw it, and all the grass and turtles and fish you catch to put in it."

"You need not laugh," said the friend; "you did not catch so many yourself."

"Well," answered the papa, "I am afraid I have caught a touch of rheumatism that will last longer than the fish."

You see the boat leaked, but the papa was so interested in catching fish that he didn't notice that his feet were wet till he reached the shore.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD-BYE TO YOU.

PEOPLE act so queerly sometimes, at least it appears so to us dogs. I like to see things orderly, and I dislike changes. Everything in our house had been kept in as good order as is possible where there are little folks, so of course it was very puzzling to me to have things any other way. To my surprise one day the folks began taking down the pictures and wrapping them up in papers and old quilts, and laying them away in a box. At first I thought it might be the pictures of people who had offended them, but I knew it couldn't be that when I saw them take down Ralph's baby

picture. Then they took down a picture of my little mistress when she was two and a half years old, and boxed it up. A little kitty who was peeping out of a muff followed Mary into the box. Every picture was taken down, making the walls look bare indeed. Not satisfied with this, they took down all the pretty little fancy things from the shelves and tables, things they called brick-bats or something like that. All of these were placed in boxes, too. Next they began to wind papers around chairs, and tie them, so they couldn't come off. Every chair was tied up except one apiece to sit on; when a neighbor came in some one had to stand up; they seemed to take turns standing or else would sit on the edge of some box. This state of affairs lasted for some time; every day would see something else boxed up. I kept out of their way, as I expected every minute they would bring in my traveling box and

put me in it again. I had not forgotten how cramped and lonesome and hungry and thirsty I felt when I was in it, so I did not care to be put back.

Soon they took up the carpets and hung them on a line and whipped them real hard, and they hadn't done a single thing wrong, that I could see; still they had to be whipped. I could sympathize with them, for I had been whipped many times when I was innocent. The dishes, too, were put away; first they packed the pretty ones, and, I declare, you would have laughed to see the things they ate out of; cups with the handles gone, tin plates and spoons, and no table cloth or napkins for a week.

The meals, too, were pretty slim, as every one was too busy to think of eating, much less to feed a little dog. How I did wish they would hang the pictures back on the walls

where they belonged, untie the chairs, and eat like civilized people once more.

But no; it grew worse and worse. The last few days their friends took pity on them and invited them out to dinner or tea, but no one invited me. I tell you, my bill of fare was a short one; sometimes I didn't even get a drink of water unless it rained.

The folks said it was the hardest move they had ever made, and they had moved a good many times. They said preachers always did. This time there was more to move. First of all, there was Topsy, and you know she would take more room than some horses. It would have been easier to move that little Shetland pony I rode after so many times. Then there was the buggy; a horse isn't of much use without a buggy. And there was a large swing the auntie had bought for the children, and little rocking-chairs, and rocking-horses, little

beds and carts, and *dolls,* I guess there were. There would have been more, only their heads were broken, or through some accident their bodies were injured and they had bled sawdust until they became so poor and thin they were not considered fit to take.

Besides all these things there was little Sinclair; we couldn't leave him behind. And then I have not told you of a little baby girl, named Helen, who had come to live with us. She was little, sure enough; just a few weeks old. But she was the center of attraction for quite a while; the friends all came in to see her, and each one said, "My, what a nice little girl."

"Nite baby, tum home," said Sinclair, who liked her from the first. But when she cried he told her, "Baby do home now." But she didn't answer him, but just blinked her eyes. She didn't notice me at all, though I tried in every way to attract her attention.

Mary liked her, too, and was kind to her. I couldn't see that she *did* anything very wonderful; she just lay there and slept and ate, ate and slept. Oh, yes, she did one other thing; she cried. Not much, though.

Last of all, there was Dixie. For they decided that I had won my way into their hearts and I must go with them.

One day some strange men came with drays and took all those boxes out of the house, loaded them on and drove away. Not a thing was left; even the dirt was swept up and burned. After everything was taken away, we all marched to the station together. There was the grandma and the auntie, the papa and the mamma, who carried baby Helen, and Sinclair and Mary. I followed last of all. I was so glad they did not put me in my traveling box, but let me go with them.

When we came to the station the papa went



"MARY LIKED HER, TOO AND WAS KIND TO HER."

to a little window and talked with a man, while the rest sat and visited with some friends. The auntie tied a string to my collar, and kept hold of the other end, so I would not get lost.

At last there was a big commotion; each one grabbed something; the papa picked up the babies, I followed, and we all got on the train.

"All aboard," shouted a man; the folks gave their friends a final farewell, and I bid good-bye to our friends and home there, as I now do to you with a loud "Bow-wow-wow."

THE END.



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